# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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## *"SON, THOU ART EVER WITH ME."*

Thrice blessed soul, who still hath made
The Father's house his own;
Nor far from that dear home hath strayed,
Nor parted portion known;

Who in no land far off hath sought
A bower of bliss more fair,
But near thee, Lord, hath humbly wrought,
And found all gladness there!

Thy tender voice his work commands,
Thy tasks are his delight;
For thee, for thee, those toiling hands!
For him that presence bright!

He still thy biddings sweet doth find;
With thee his work hath praise;
He knoweth all his Father's mind;
Thou guidest all his ways.

In all thou hast he hath a share,
Thy glory makes him bright;
Naught of thy treasure wilt thou spare,
Thy treasure infinite!

Freely he taketh of thy store,
The peace that passeth thought,
The joy that stayeth evermore,
The love that changeth not.

Thrice blessed, best beloved he
That hears these words divine:
"Son, thou dost ever dwell with me:
All that I have is thine."

—*T. H. Gill.*

## *FAITH A DUTY.*

To him who asserts that man is incapable, in this stage of existence, of making religion the primary concern of his life, let the answers now given suffice. If it *be* beyond man's nature here to love God above all, it is beyond it no less to love his brother better than his own ease or pleasure,—nay, to care for him in any way save as he chances to contribute to his sensual pleasures. But, if our human nature revolts from such degradation, if we do actually "love our brother whom we have seen," then may we with irrefutable logic "love our God whom we have not seen." And, if we love our brother better than ourselves, then also may we "love the Lord our God above all, and with all our heart and soul and strength."

Faith, then, is reasonable. And faith is *right.* If it be asked, How can it be a *duty* to cherish a more vivid consciousness than we spontaneously feel of a certain external presence? the answer is ready. It is a duty to ourselves and to God. It is a duty to ourselves, because it is equivalent in all ways to the enforcing on ourselves the perpetual sense of moral obligation. It is the same thing as calling up the law itself continually before us, and more even than this; for it is the law personified, and possessing all the added influences of that divine personification. It is a duty to God, because his benefits and perfections claim of us a homage which the whole worship of life cannot adequately pay, and which we are therefore bound to offer with all the diligence we can command.

The method of performing this great duty is doubtless one of the problems which has presented itself most frequently to religious minds. I have already touched on some features of it, and will but venture to offer a few suggestions which seem most suitable to the case. The actual *consciousness* of the existence of a holy will above us is assuredly most frequently produced by the strong exertion of our own righteous will, brought into vivid life by antagonism with the lower desires. Thus every possible act of duty, social, personal, or religious, possesses a power of increasing our consciousness of God; and that power rises in the same ratio with the virtue which the performance of the duty develops.

Many special acts of duty have also their peculiar influence. Deeds of forgiveness and loving-kindness to our fellow-creatures prepare our hearts most remarkably for the higher spiritual exercises wherein absolute communion may be attained. Continual practice of truth and purity raises the soul into regions of thought and feeling wherein it perceives God's presence on all sides. Thanksgiving, if ever fully performed, would actually recall God to us in every blessing (that is to say, in every *moment*) of our lives.

In obedience, then, general and special, to the laws of God, lies our hope of increasing and intensifying our faith. There is no use shrinking from scepticism, and trying to keep the whole subject at a distance. Let us meet our most fearful doubts bravely, with all the weapons our intellectual armory can afford; but let us also bring to bear on the battle those mighty powers of our nature which alone can really achieve the final defeat of scepticism. Let us call forth the righteous will, fighting blow for blow with every base, selfish, vain, or sensual desire, till its high-strung and quivering nerves recognize beyond mistake the unseen hand which is laid in guidance and in blessing on the champion's head. Let us use the all-powerful instrument of prayer, and ask of God that he give to us such influx of his Spirit of Truth as shall forever quell such hesitating fear, and place before us in faith his own ever-present Deity.

God is near us. He is above us, around us, within us, guiding every small and every great event of our lives, and continually speaking to our hearts through conscience. We all believe this, or rather we admit it: we do not deny it. And we are also ready to admit that, if we actually realized this truth of God's presence, we should become holy and happy to a degree of which our present blind existence can give but little semblance. Is it not strange to think this, —that on the raising our cold *admission* of a truth to a living *faith* in it, depend our virtue and our ineffable joy, and yet that we do not perform an act apparently so simple, —nay, make so little attempt to perform it? Whenever we do chance to grasp a clear sense of spiritual realities, we obtain a strength which lasts us for days and even years. Oh that God may help us to hold it more continually! That he may open our closed eyes to see that sun which is beaming over our heads and pouring floods of holy light upon our earthly way! He *will* help us if we but do our own part, and "draw to him as he will draw to us." Hour by hour we may do something to increase our faith. We may perform every common daily duty—our labor of head or hand, our cares for those around us, our self-restraints of impatience or anger or sensuality—all and each as God's direct task, which his eye is overlooking all the while, watching both the act itself and the spirit with which we do it. We may make every trifling pain, vexation, and humiliation, "the meanest thong of all that whips us, welcome," and bless it as God's justice, God's kindness. We may receive every ordinary pleasure, food, walks, studies, and the caresses of our beloved ones, all as God's dear gifts, tokens of tenderness like the violets a mother strews on her child's cradle. We may look on the whole earth as God's world, made beautiful by his artist hand; on science as the unveiling of his wisdom; on history as the tale of his providence. All the happy, living things which roam over the fields or people the air and the waters are God's brute creatures, cared for by Him who loves *us*, too. Our brother men, and those dear babes who seem to have come so short a way to us from heaven,—these are God's sons, God's children. We cannot bless one of them with the smallest kindness, we cannot feel love or admiration or sympathy for one of them, but we are blessing and loving a child of God.

Alas, how easy it *ought* to be to see in all things, serve in all things, love and worship and adore in all things, our ever-present Lord! It is a question to ask our hearts why, if it be so simple a matter, we have never attained to that faith which we acknowledge would gives us such power of virtue. Do we *really* wish that God *should* be always present? Are there no words, no feeling, no thoughts, which we desire to indulge, and which we are conscious we never could indulge if we beheld those pure eyes gazing down day and night upon us? How far is the weakness of our *faith* the result of the weakness of our *will?*

—*Frances Power Cobbe, in "Religious Duty."*

## *THE STILL HOUR.*

COMPLAINT AND ASPIRATION.

Not yet I love my God
With undivided heart;
Not yet I tread the heavenly road
With feet that ne'er depart.

Not yet, my gracious Lord,
Each care on thee I cast,
Nor live on thy life-giving word,
Nor hold each promise fast.

Not yet is all thy will
Sweet to this heart of mine;
Not yet I hasten to fulfil
Each dear command of thine.

Not yet thy wondrous ways
I know as I desire,
Nor yet upon those glories gaze
To which mine eyes aspire.

Not yet I yearn for thee,
As thou for me dost yearn,
Nor yet thy wondrous love of me,
Even as I might, return.

Not yet thy tasks divine
Alone my hands employ;
Not yet that presence sweet of thine
Maketh my only joy.

But shall I not one day,
My God, be all thine own?
Rejoicing, all thy will obey,
And do thy works alone?

Will not my joy and love
Be endless and complete?
And all my blessedness above
Flow from thy presence sweet?

—*T. H. Gill.*

Heavenly Father, aid thy child, who longs to become holy!

But, then, I must be patient under humiliation,—let myself be forgotten, and be even pleased at feeling myself set aside.

*Never mind! I am resolved, I wish to be holy!*

But I must never excuse myself, never be impatient, never out of temper.

*Never mind! I am resolved, I wish to be holy!*

Then I must continually be doing violence to my feelings,—submitting my will always to that of my superiors, never contentious, finishing every work begun, in spite of dislike or ennui.

*Never mind! I am resolved, I wish to be holy!*

But then I must be always charitable toward all around me, loving them, helping them to the utmost of my power, although it may cause me trouble.

*Never mind! I am resolved, I wish to be holy!*

But I must constantly strive against the cowardice, sloth, and pride of my nature, renouncing the world, the vanity that pleases, the antipathy that makes me avoid those I do not like.

*Never mind! I am resolved, I still wish to be holy!*

Then, I shall have to experience long hours of sadness, weariness, and discontent. I shall often feel lonely and discouraged.

*Never mind! I am resolved, I wish to be holy!* for then I shall have thee always with me, ever near me. Lord, help me; for I want to be holy!—*Gold Dust.*

## *THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.*

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book.*" This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Miss Mary A. Vinal, secretary, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge.

*Miscellaneous.*

"Three Memorial Poems," Lowell; "The Column," Mariott; "The Light of the World"; "Selections from Browning"; "The Princess," Tennyson; "Poet's Walk"; "Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction"; "A Summer in a Cañon"; "Evangeline," Longfellow; "Peter Ibbetson," Du Maurier; "Aims of Literary Study," Corson; "The Empress Eugénie"; "The History of David Grieve"; "The House in Bloomsbury"; "A Little Book of Western Verse," Eugene Field; "The Blue Uniform"; "A March in the Ranks"; "The Vagabonds"; "On the Wing of Occasion"; "Leola Dale's Fortune"; "The Queen," Oliphant; "Sign of the Four," Doyle; "Poems," Chadwick; "Golden Treasury"; "Hymns for the Sick and Suffering"; "Nature," Emerson; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Longfellow; "At Sundown," Whittier.

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. Reference required with first request. "The Doom of the Majority," S. J. Barrows; "Dispensation of the Future of Time," Frederick Hyren; "Facts and Suggestions on Money, Trade, and Banking," J. H. Walker; "The Sorrows of Werther," Goethe; "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter"; "Bessie Rane"; "Saracinesca," F. Marion Crawford; "The Revolt of Man," Walter Besant; "First Lessons in Greek," "Latin Composition," Harkness; "Virgil" with English notes; *Success*, 1901–02; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1902; *Success with Flowers* (1 year); Sheet Music, instrumental and vocal.

Mrs. Frances I. Kneedler, Rydal, Penn., offers the following books: "Herr Paulus," Besant; "Madcap Violet," W. Black; "Bride of the Wilderness," E. Bennett; "A Little Journey in the World," Charles D. Warner; "The Master of Ettersburg," Warner; "Averil," R. N. Carey; "A Window in Thrums," J. M. Barrie.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

*Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.*

May I ask for something for myself and little girl to read? We shall not be able to buy anything to read this winter, as we have just moved to this new country, and made a little rock dugout, and went back to our old home in summer to work to get money to help us through another year. But, when we got back to our little rock house, it was five inches in water; and all

our clothing, beds, and household goods were ruined. So we cannot spare one cent for anything to read, but would so like some picture-books for my little girl, and anything for myself will be thankfully received. Mrs. C. M. Wallace, Manitou. Oklahoma Territory.

M. Ada Cannady, Floyd, Virginia, asks for History of Napoleon, Longfellow's Poems, and an Elementary Geography.

Clara Winter, Cleveland, Minnesota, would be glad to receive *Youth's Companion* or any magazines.

Mrs. D. E. Howse, Glenzaida, Alabama, asks for any book on stenography, also United States History and a Dictionary.

Mrs. M. C. Andrews, Grady, Indian Territory, will be glad of any reading to help pass the long winter evenings.

I am a poor boy, working hard to get an education to fit me for life's work. I am a member of the church, and feel that I am called of my Master to preach his gospel, I need some good books to read, but am not able to buy them. So I ask you to please send me the following books: "Life of Saint Paul"; "Insight of Faith," by Rev. H. W. Foote; "Formation of Christian Character," Rev. Henry Ware. H. J. Aycock, Wadesboro, Anson County, North Carolina.

Miss Ethel Bishop, Stuart, Virginia, fourteen years of age, would like to receive the Elsie Books, *Youth's Companion*, the *House Beautiful*, any illustrated magazines or books suitable for girls of her age.

I would be very thankful for the Poems of Robert Burns, also Walter Scott's Poems. Address (Miss) Mary B. Pedigo, The Hollow, Virginia.

Mrs. Alice Adkisson, Robert Lee, Texas, would be glad to receive "The Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses," published by B. G. Stauffer, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, also other reading; anything suitable for children learning to read, oldest a boy who is paralyzed and cannot walk, seven years old.

I wish to thank the kind *Cheerful Letter* friends for past tokens of remembrances, and to ask them to send me some more reading matter. I will be glad of the book entitled "Black Beauty," also any story papers, novels, or magazines.

May God bless you good people! Mrs. J. L. Suttenfield, High Point, North Carolina.

Miss Elfie Gliddon will be very glad to receive any reading matter that will be interesting to a young girl, and especially requests that magazines may be sent to her.

She is ill, seldom being able to leave the house; and life is often very gloomy to her. Anything that is done for her pleasure will be appreciated most sincerely. Her address is No. 103 Hill Street, San Antonio, Texas.

I wish to thank all who have sent me books and magazines last winter. We live in an out-of-way place, no schools or libraries. Have one little girl, eight years old. I teach her at home. Our neighbors are mostly poor people, and I always pass on all reading received. I would be pleased to receive Ray's "Third Part Arithmetic," History of England, and any good books. I always try to thank personally all who send me reading, but sometimes no address is given. May God bless *The Cheerful Letter* in its noble work. Ada Hall, Vera, Indian Territory.

I am a farmer's wife, and live a long way out in the country, and have three small children, all girls, ages ranging from four to nine years. I would be thankful for any kind of reading matter for myself and children, and will pass to others who, like myself, have nothing to read. Mrs. Tyler Rakes, Charity, Patrick County, Virginia.

Since my little boy was taken from me, I found the house on the ranch so lonely and desolate that I have taken a young girl of about fourteen years old to live with us. I want her to attend the county school near us; but, in order to do so, she must have a number of new school-books. She is one of a large family of children; and her mother's means are very limited, so that she cannot buy the necessary books. Will some member of the Book Club be kind enough to send them to me for her? I add the list of books needed: "Geography," Rand and McNally's; Grammar School, second book; "Arithmetic," Sutton and Kimbrough's; Hyde's "Second Lessons in

English"; "United States History," Cooper, Estill, and Lemmon; "Speller," Benson's second book; "Physiology," Hutchinson's. Mrs. James Newcomb, 501 East Commerce Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Mrs. Alice Hull, Wright, California, a widow with two daughters,—one eighteen years of age who works with her mother trying to pay off the mortgage on their little home, the other, Mabel, nine, goes to school part of the year,—will be very thankful to receive "Polly Oliver's Problem," "Alice in Wonderland," and any good literature.

Miss Etta Skeel, Medford, Oregon, blind for twenty years, would like to receive reading. She was educated at Batavia, New York, and would like a correspondent from some one of her fellow-sufferers.

Mrs. M. J. Brooks, formerly of Poe, Kansas, now at Arco, Oklahoma Territory, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*, and for her son Floyd *Youth's Companion*.

Gertrude Hill, Ansonville, North Carolina, a little girl eleven years of age, will be glad of suitable reading.

Mrs. J. B. Lewis, Whitewright, Texas, asks for current numbers of *Youth's Companion* and "Paradise Lost."

Mrs. Sallie Clark, Pizgah, Alabama, asks for reading for herself and two little children.

Mrs. Willie Joyce, Dobyns, Virginia, and Mattie Frizzell, Pine Grove, Texas, ask for general reading.

Mrs. E. F. Lowe, Centerhill P.O., White Co., Arkansas, would be glad of reading for herself and four children, who are very fond of books and papers.

"Pride and Prejudice" is asked for by Mrs. A. F. Edwards, Placerville, California, formerly of Pleasant Valley.

Mrs. Ella E. Looper, Petra, North Carolina, will be glad of any reading.

I am now fixing to move to a new place, and wish you to say to all who wish to send books or letters to please address Tatum, Virginia. I am thankful for past kindness, and ask that I may be remembered in my new home. I will pass on all reading matter. I would also like some letters. Please send books and any good literature to Mrs. R. E. Thompson, Tatum, Virginia. She is very young, and has recently gone to housekeeping. Mrs. B. M. Wood, Tatum, Virginia.

I wish to thank all the kind *Cheerful Letter* friends that have remembered me and my children in sending reading; and, as we have moved where all are strangers, we shall be so glad of reading suitable for myself and children. My address is changed from Basil, Patrick County, Virginia, to Stokes County, Heareford, North Carolina, Mrs. Fannie Taylor.

*Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—I wish to thank you all for the reading sent me and my children, and for the school-books my children have received. I do enjoy reading the books and papers so much. I would be glad for some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends to send me "Story of Massachusetts." May the Lord bless this good work! Mrs. Mary Wood, Shuff, Patrick County, Virginia.

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## *THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.*

### THE DRAWING SCHOOL: HOW TO ESTABLISH AUTHORITY.

*(Continued.)*

There was in the class a girl named Lucinda. She was somewhat older than the other children, and it might be supposed that on this account she would behave better than the others. But it often happens that an older scholar, instead of being more obedient and reasonable than the rest, is less inclined to obey, and makes the teacher more trouble than the smaller children. It was so with Lucinda. The first time that she forgot, and spoke in the study hour, she went willingly enough to stand in the middle of the floor and count ten; but the second time she refused to go.

"Then you can't be in my class," said Mary, "if you won't obey the rule."

"I don't care," said Lucinda. And she immediately got down from her chair, and went to get her bonnet to go away. She expected that Mary would call her back, but Mary did not.

She put on her bonnet, pouting all the time and looking very cross, but taking as much time as possible, so as to give

Mary an opportunity to ask her not to go. But Mary only asked Sarah to put the flag up, for Sarah had put it down when Lucinda had spoken.

Lucinda walked slowly along toward the door. The other children went on with their drawing in silence. Lucinda hesitated a moment at the door, and then began slowly to go down the stairs. She was sorry now that she had refused to submit to her punishment, and made up her mind that, if Mary would call her back or send one of the children to call her, she would go back and do what the law required. But Mary did not come, and did not send any one; and so, after loitering all the way down the stairs, Lucinda sat down on the step of the door, and waited some time, and then she went home.

By and by, when the hour was out, Mary gave notice to her scholars that the school was done. She examined their work before she put the papers away, and found something to praise in every one, and nothing to blame in any. Indeed, all the children had done their best; and, in studying anything, to do your best is to do well.

"And now," said Mary, "I have lost one of my scholars. Lucinda has gone away, and I am very sorry for it."

"Oh, she will come back again," said Sarah. "She will be here with the rest of us next time."

"No," replied Mary, "I am sorry that she went away; but I don't wish to have her come back again. She thinks my rules are too strict; and they are pretty strict, I think myself. I like strict rules in a school, for then we have good order and a nice time. But some children don't like strict rules. I expected that some of you would not like my rules, but would think that they were too strict; and, if anybody does think so, I would rather have her go away than stay. I don't wish to have Lucinda come back. We must choose somebody to take her place."

So Mary decided that one of the two girls whose friends had proposed them to be members of the class should be invited to come and take Lucinda's place, and she drew lots to see which it should be. The lot fell upon Jane.

"I suppose Maria would like to come," said Mary, "if any of you would like to give up your place. Do any of you think the rules are too strict?"

All the girls immediately began to say, "No!" and "No, indeed!" in a very decided tone.

"Perhaps you *will* think so the next time," said Mary. "I shall be a little more strict the next time, and by and by I shall not let you put down the flag at all, but shall put it down myself every quarter of an hour; and then you cannot speak at all, however much you may wish to, but will have to get along as well as you can till the quarter of an hour is out. I rather think you will find that rule too strict. If any of you do, that will make room for Maria."

The children all went home fully resolved that, let what would happen, they would not think the rule too strict, but would obey it; or, if they should disobey it by forgetting themselves, they would submit to the punishment without making any difficulty. In a word, the authority of the law was fully established.

### HOW TO TREAT DISOBEDIENCE.

On the next school-day Lucinda came again with the rest, bringing her pencil in her hand. As soon as she came in, Mary said: —

"Ah, Lucinda! you have come. I am glad to see you; but you can't draw to-day, for there is no place for you at the table. I have given your place to Jane because you went away: See."

So saying, Mary pointed to the table where Jane was just taking her seat in Lucinda's former place, and appearing to be very much delighted.

Lucinda looked quite thoughtful and serious for a moment, and she said: —

"But there is plenty of room for me, too. I can sit *here*."

"Yes," said Mary, "there is plenty of room, and I could get another chair for you downstairs; but the number of my scholars is limited. I have only five in this class."

"I don't see why you could not have more," said Lucinda, "when there is so much room."

"It is not on account of the room," said Mary. "But I thought that five scholars would be as many as I could take care of at first."

"O Mary," said Lucinda, "I think you could take care of a great many more than five."

"No," said Mary, "it proved that I could not take care of *so many* as five; for one of my scholars got angry against my rules, and went away."

Here Lucinda hung her head, and looked very much ashamed.

"You can stay, if you please," said Mary, "and look over me, and see me draw; but you can't be a scholar. It won't do for me to have any scholars in my class that don't like my rules."

"I am going to like your rules," said Lucinda, "after this."

"Then I wish I had a place at the table," said Mary, "but I have not. But you may stay and be company if you like."

"May I swing?" asked Lucinda.

"You may swing a little now," said Mary, "while we are getting ready, but not after the flag goes up. I am afraid it would turn off my scholars' attention from their work to have anybody swinging while they are drawing. If I could, I should like to have the swing and the rocking-boat both put entirely out of sight till the drawing-class is over."

Lucinda stood by while Mary was giving her instructions, wishing all the time that she had not lost her place. And yet Mary treated her so kindly that she could not feel out of humor about it. In a word, Mary was good-natured and kind, but firm; and this is the very best way to maintain discipline in all cases.

Some people in governing children are always cross and always scolding, and yet continually yielding. This is the very worst way.

Just as the children were ready to begin their work, Mary called to Lucinda again.

"Now, Lucinda, pretty soon the flag is going up; and then, as you have nothing to do and cannot speak to anybody, it will be very tiresome for you to stay here all the time. So you can go down and play in the yard until the school is done, and then you can come and swing and play in the rocking-boat with the other scholars."

Lucinda hesitated, and seemed not to know what to do.

"You will have to go down," said Mary, "because it will disturb us and divert the scholars' attention to have anybody walking about the room, with nothing to do, while they are at work. You can't play all alone, I know; but I will come down and see you by and by, and help you find something to amuse you, if I can."

So Lucinda walked away—though very slowly and reluctantly—toward the door, and disappeared.

Mary then ordered Sarah to put up the flag, and the children all began their work.

After the first quarter of an hour had expired, Mary said, "Flag down!"

Then the children began to talk, and to come to Mary to show her their drawings. Mary said that after the flag was put up the next time she was going to leave them a little while, to go down to see where Lucinda was and what she was doing.

"But that will not make any difference," said she. "You will sit still and go on with your work if the flag is up, just the same as if I were here."

The children all said they would. Mary then left them, and went to find Lucinda. She found her seated on the lower steps of the stairs, waiting for Mary to come down.

"Haven't you got anything to do?" said Mary.

"No," replied Lucinda. "There is not anybody here to play with me. I wish you would let me in your class again."

"But it is so hard for you to obey such strict rules," said Mary, "and then to think of having to go out into the middle of the floor, and stand on one foot and count ten, just for speaking the least little bit of a word!"

"I should not mind it, after this, at all," said Lucinda.

"If you were a little bigger, perhaps you would not," said Mary; "but it is very hard for little children to have to sit so still.

"But, perhaps," continued Mary, "after this class is finished, I shall have another one; and then, if there is room for you, I will let you come in again if you think you would like to try it once more."

Lucinda said that she would like to try it again very much.

Mary then took her out into the garden and walked about with her a little while, talking about indifferent things. At length she left her, and went back to her class. She found them all in their places, and

working very industriously, in perfect silence. In fact, they seemed to like the rule of the flag very much, indeed.

Afterward Mary began a new term. Her scholars had become so well trained that she thought it would be safe to increase her number a little. So she raised it from five to seven. Lucinda was taken back and Maria was also admitted, which made just the number.—*Jacob Abbott.*

## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### THE CARE OF THE CAT.

There are among civilized people two strange but almost universally prevalent errors about the cat: first, that, if he is fed, he will not catch mice; and, second, that he attaches himself to places, and not to persons.

In consequence of the first notion, thousands of the unfortunate creatures are kept almost at a point of starvation, and, as a natural result, are too spiritless and miserable to be good mousers. This mistake—for it surely is one—should be combated on every occasion by the cat-lover, who must never tire of repeating that a half-starved cat is not a successful hunter, while to a well-fed beast the pursuit of his legitimate prey is "sport" for which he is always ready.

Whoever wishes to have the family cat in good condition, to keep the house clear of mice, to play with the children, to be a credit to his owner, must see that he has good food and care, and that he is made contented and happy. He can exist without these conditions, but he will be a different beast. An eminent naturalist and a lover of the cat says that "one who owns a cat should treat it as if it were his child,"—be thoughtful of its wants, encourage its affections, be kind but firm in his prohibitions, and watchful for its peculiar traits of character.

In regard to diet. A cat should have sweet milk to drink, and water always fresh and clean, where he can get it, if he desires. He needs meat once a day; and it should be mixed with some vegetables, such as asparagus, of which he is very fond, cabbage, or some other that he likes. Fish is not indispensable in pussy's menu. He likes it, to be sure, but not so much more than meat as he is popularly supposed to do. Raw meat is good for him, but it must always be accompanied by vegetables. One meal a day is said to be enough, where there is a chance for successful mousing, but a family pet, who sees his friends eating three times, is apt to consider himself entitled to the same number of meals.

Kittens need food three times a day. They should have meat cut very small, and bones to gnaw; and their milk should be warmed by adding a little hot water. Their principal food should be boiled rice, brown bread, or oatmeal with milk, and boiled vegetables, alternated from day to day; for animals like variety as well as men. Both the cat and the cat's baby are fond of catnip.

It seems hardly necessary to say that the home pet should have plenty of fresh air and all the sunshine he can get, but it is imperative that something should be said about the sleeping-quarters. It is a surprising fact that many persons deliberately and regularly turn the family cat out of doors for the night. The poor beast is thus forced to become a vagabond, to make night hideous with his yowls, to sleep where he finds shelter, and to keep himself from freezing the best way he can. Certainly, there are many kind-hearted people who have never reflected upon the straits they thus force upon a beast they may even be fond of. But, whether fond or not, there is a moral obligation on the part of one who takes a helpless animal into the family to see that it is comfortable, and also that it is not an annoyance to the neighbors.

The cat should always have a bed, warm in winter and cool in summer. If he is allowed to enjoy his back-fence promenade during the evening, any well-treated cat will be glad to come home at bed-time, unless he has been made a confirmed vagabond by former neglect. In that case he can soon be cured by forming the habit of giving him some dainty just at bed-time. A round basket with a bit of carpet or clean straw, makes a good bed. If he sleeps in the kitchen or sitting-room, it is well to have a box of dry earth beside his quarters. No living creature should be shut into a closet or cupboard for a night. Fresh air is the life of beast as well as man.

—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

(*To be continued.*)

## GOVERNOR ANDREW.

In asking me to speak of our great war governor, you do not, I hope, forget that, having myself lived outside of the sphere of politics, I find myself better able to speak of the man as I have known him in private than of the details of his public services. I first knew him as a fellow-member of the Church of the Disciples,* and as a most genial visitor at my house. He entered into the spirit of every social occasion. He was with us sometimes at our rural retreat on Newport Island, far from the shores of fashionable life.

At one time we were arranging some tableaux for one of my "children's parties," and had chosen the subjects from Thackeray's fairy tale of "The Rose and the Ring." I came to our friend in some perplexity, and said, "Dear Mr. Andrew, in the tableaux this evening Dr. Howe is to personate Cutusoff Headsoff: would you be willing to pose as Prince Bulbo?" "By all means," was the response. I brought the book; and Mr. Andrew studied and imitated the costume of the prince, even to the neck-tie and the rose in his buttonhole.

While the political sky was darkening, and the thunder of war was dimly rumbling in the air, Dr. Howe said to me one day, "Andrew is going to be governor of Massachusetts." In the years that followed, he as well as we had little time for merry-making. My first recollection of him in war time concerns the attack made upon the United States troops as they were passing through Baltimore. The telegram sent by him to the mayor of that city seemed to give an earnest of what we might expect from him. He requested that the bodies of our soldiers who had fallen in the streets should be tenderly cared for, and sent to their State, Massachusetts. We were present when these bodies were received at King's Chapel burial-ground, and could easily see how deeply the governor was moved at the sad sight of the coffins draped with the national flag. This occasion drew from me the poem beginning,—

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights:
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

I spoke just now of Governor Andrew's early interest in the Church of the Disciples. I find that at the time when its pastor's exchanging pulpits with Theodore Parker alienated from him a part of his congregation this stanch friend strongly opposed the views of the seceders, and at a meeting called in connection with the movement made so eloquent a plea against it as to move his hearers to tears.

Very generous was his conduct in the case of John Brown, who lay in a Southern prison, about to be tried for his life, without counsel and without money. Mr. Andrew, on becoming acquainted with his condition, telegraphed to eminent lawyers in Washington to engage them for the defence of the prisoner, and made himself responsible for the legal expenses of the case, amounting to fourteen hundred dollars. He was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1860, and his forethought and sagacity were soon shown in the course of action instituted by him to prepare the State for immediate and active participation in the military movements which he felt to be near at hand. The measures then taken by him were much derided; but, when the crisis came, the heart of the public went out to him in gratitude, for every emergency had been thought out and provided for.

The governor now became a very busy man, indeed. Who can number the hurried journeys which he made between Boston and Washington, when his counsel was imperatively demanded in the one place and no less needed in the other? These fatigues, which continued throughout the war, never disturbed the serenity of his countenance, always luminous with cheerfulness. They were, no doubt, undermining his bodily vigor; but his devotion to public duty was such that he was well content to spend and be spent in its fulfilment.

I was present at the State House when Governor Andrew presented to the legislature of Massachusetts the parting gift of Theodore Parker,—the gun which his grandfather had carried at the battle of Lexington. After a brief but very appropriate address the governor pressed the gun

*Founded by James Freeman Clarke in Boston, in 1841.

to his lips before giving it into the keeping of the official guardian of such treasures.

This scene was caricatured in one of the public prints of the time. I remember it as most impressive.

The governor was an earnest Unitarian and a charter member of the Church of the Disciples. His religious sympathies, however, outwent all sectarian limits. He prized and upheld the truly devout spirits, wherever found, and delighted in the Methodism of Father Taylor. He used to say, "When I want to enjoy a good warm time, I go to Brother Grimes's colored church."

Although himself a Protestant of the Protestants, he entertained a sincere esteem for individuals among the Catholic clergy. Among these I remember Father Finotti as one of whom he often spoke, and who was sometimes a guest at his table. When Mme. Ristori made her first visit to this country, Father Finotti entertained her one day at dinner, inviting also Governor and Mrs. Andrew. The governor told me afterward that he enjoyed this meeting very much, and described some song or recitation which the great actress gave at table, and which the aged priest heard with emotion, recalling the days of his youth and the dear land of his birth. *Julia Ward Howe.*

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

I.

*Riddle.*

To make me, you have only to breathe,
  Behead me, and still I'm a breath.
Beheaded again, a man I become,
  Who revels in pillage and death,
To cut off his head is surely no wrong,
  When quickly to wrath I transmute;
Another head lost, and, when money you lend,
  The interest I teach to compute,
The last head removed, I'm a goddess of strife
  Who follows where discord and mischief are rife.

*(St. Nicholas.)*

II.

*Rhyming Blanks.*

My hunter is a graceful——
With ears alert at every ——
And eyes that keenly glance ——
And feet that scarcely touch the ——
O'er lofty mount and lowly ——
And field —— he runs with fleetest ——
Wherever bird or hare is ——
His worth untold by pence or ——
If lost to me, how deep the ——

*(St. Nicholas.)*

III.

*Numerical Enigma.*

I am composed of 20 letters, and form the title of a well-known book.

My 7, 2, 15, 4, 16, 6, is insignificant.
My 11, 13, 14, is sport.
My 1, 19, 9, 17, is knowledge.
My 18, 12, 20, is a beam.
My 3, 8, 5, 10, is related.

*(St. Nicholas.)*

IV.

*Enigma.*

In almost every house I'm seen
  (No wonder, then, I'm common).
I'm neither man, nor maid, nor child,
  Nor yet a married woman.
I'm penniless and poor as Job,
  Yet such my pride and nature
I always wear a kingly robe,
  Though a dependent creature.

V.

*Pi*

Hape pu eht rief rome reelchy,—
Ew'll hial eht wen raye alyre
Eht lod oen hsa goen ripayl
A htrig dogo reay adn rute,
Ew'ev dah moes panstale slambre
Dan rymer starsmich bolsmag
Dna seros thiw oru smerblab
Dieau, dol reay eduia.

*(St. Nicholas.)*

*Answers to Puzzles in January Number.*

I.

Boat, oat, at, T (ea).

II.

1. Goldfinch.
2. Blue jay.
3. Nightingale.
4. Partridge.
5. Robin.

III.

Hottentot.

IV.

Verbena.

V.

School-boy.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, February 5, at 25 Beacon Street, at 10.30 A.M. All persons interested are cordially invited.

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Please notice the change of address of our secretary, Miss Langmaid, to 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. All who desire correspondents are reminded to write directly to Miss Langmaid.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE: —

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

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### DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden St., Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

### OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

### TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

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Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

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Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.